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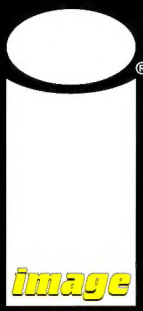

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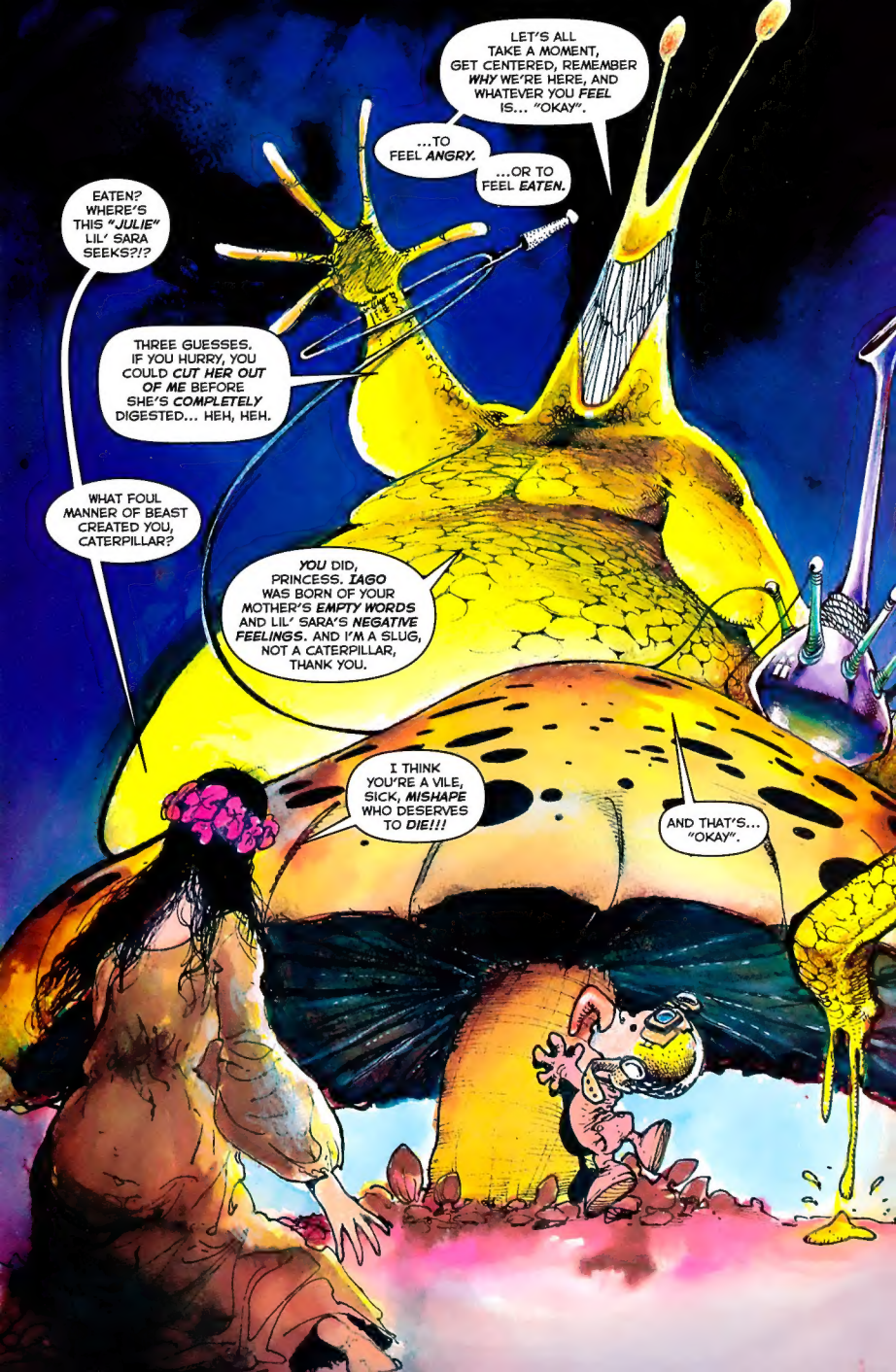
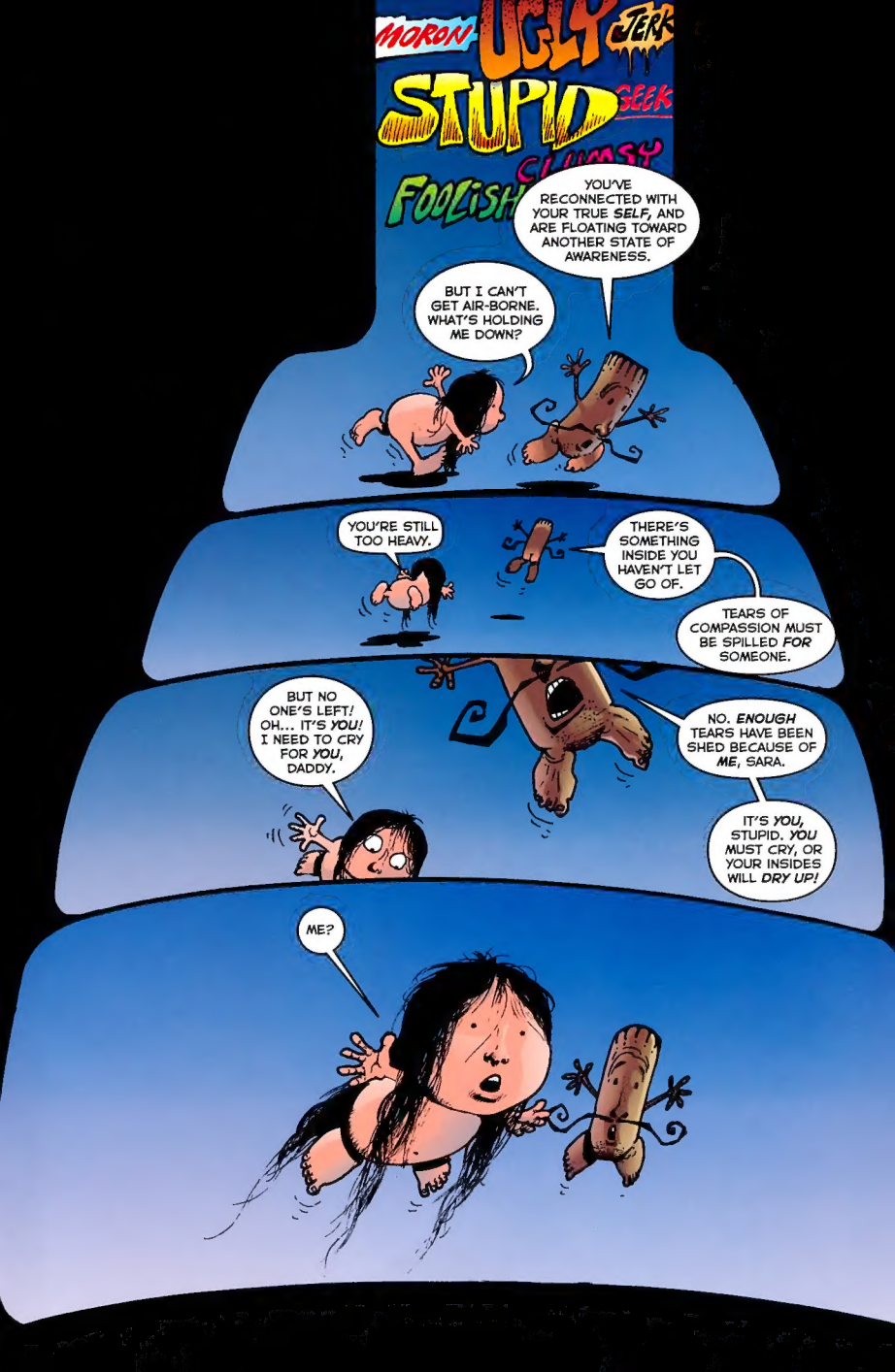
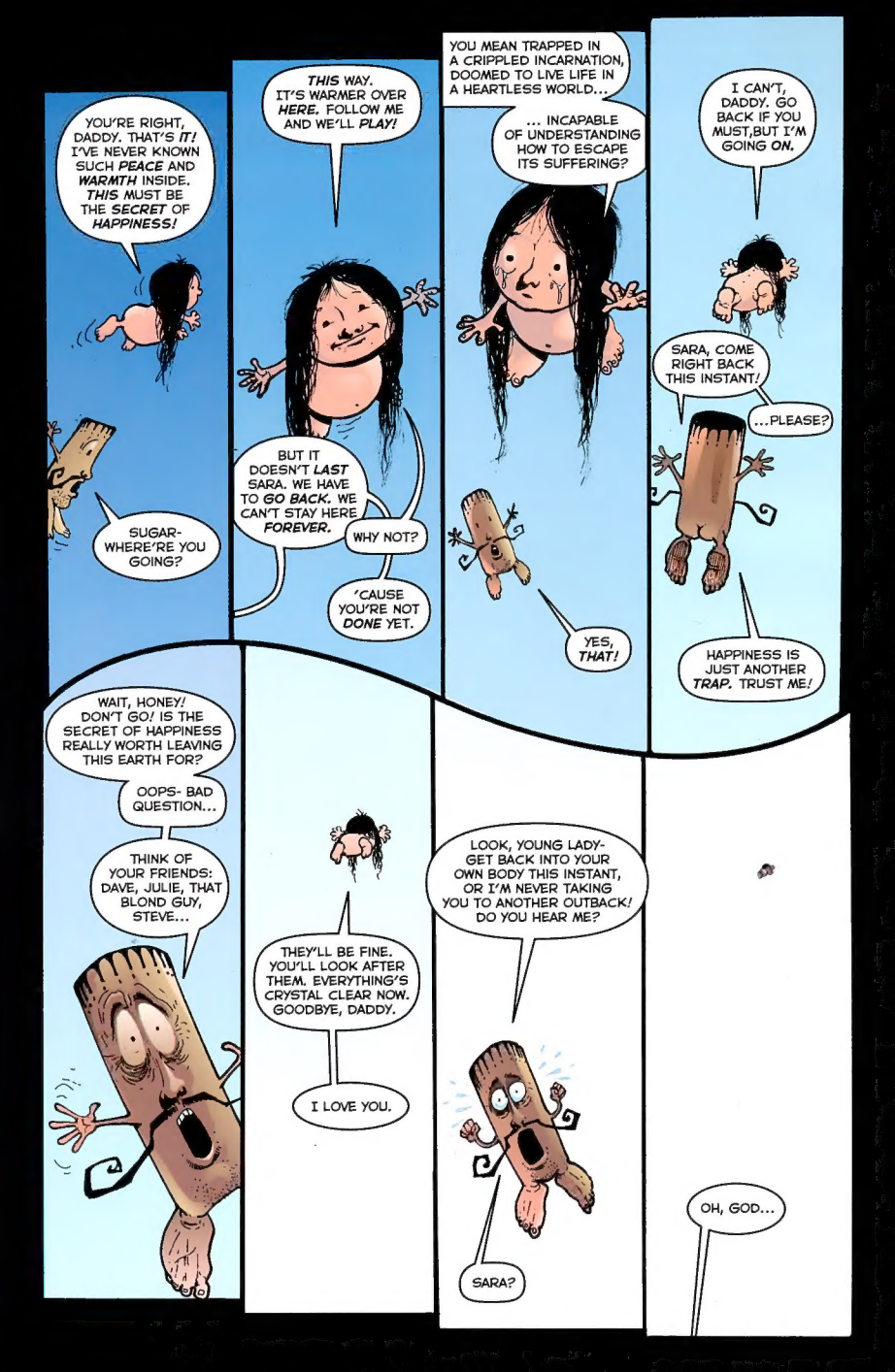

LET'S ALL TAKE A MOMENT, GET CENTERED, REMEMBER *WHY* WE'RE HERE, AND WHATEVER YOU *FEEL* IS... "OKAY".
...TO FEEL *ANGRY*.
...OR TO FEEL *EATEN*.
EATEN? WHERE'S THIS "*JULIE*" LIL' SARA SEEKS?!?
THREE GUESSES, IF YOU HURRY, YOU COULD *CUT HER OUT OF ME* BEFORE SHE'S *COMPLETELY* DIGESTED... HEH, HEH.
WHAT FOUL MANNER OF BEAST CREATED YOU, CATERPILLAR?
YOU DID, PRINCESS. *IAGO* WAS BORN OF YOUR MOTHER'S *EMPTY WORDS* AND LIL' SARA'S *NEGATIVE FEELINGS*. AND I'M A SLUG, NOT A CATERPILLAR, THANK YOU.
I THINK YOU'RE A VILE, SICK, *MISHAPE* WHO DESERVES TO *DIE!!!*
AND THAT'S... "OKAY".

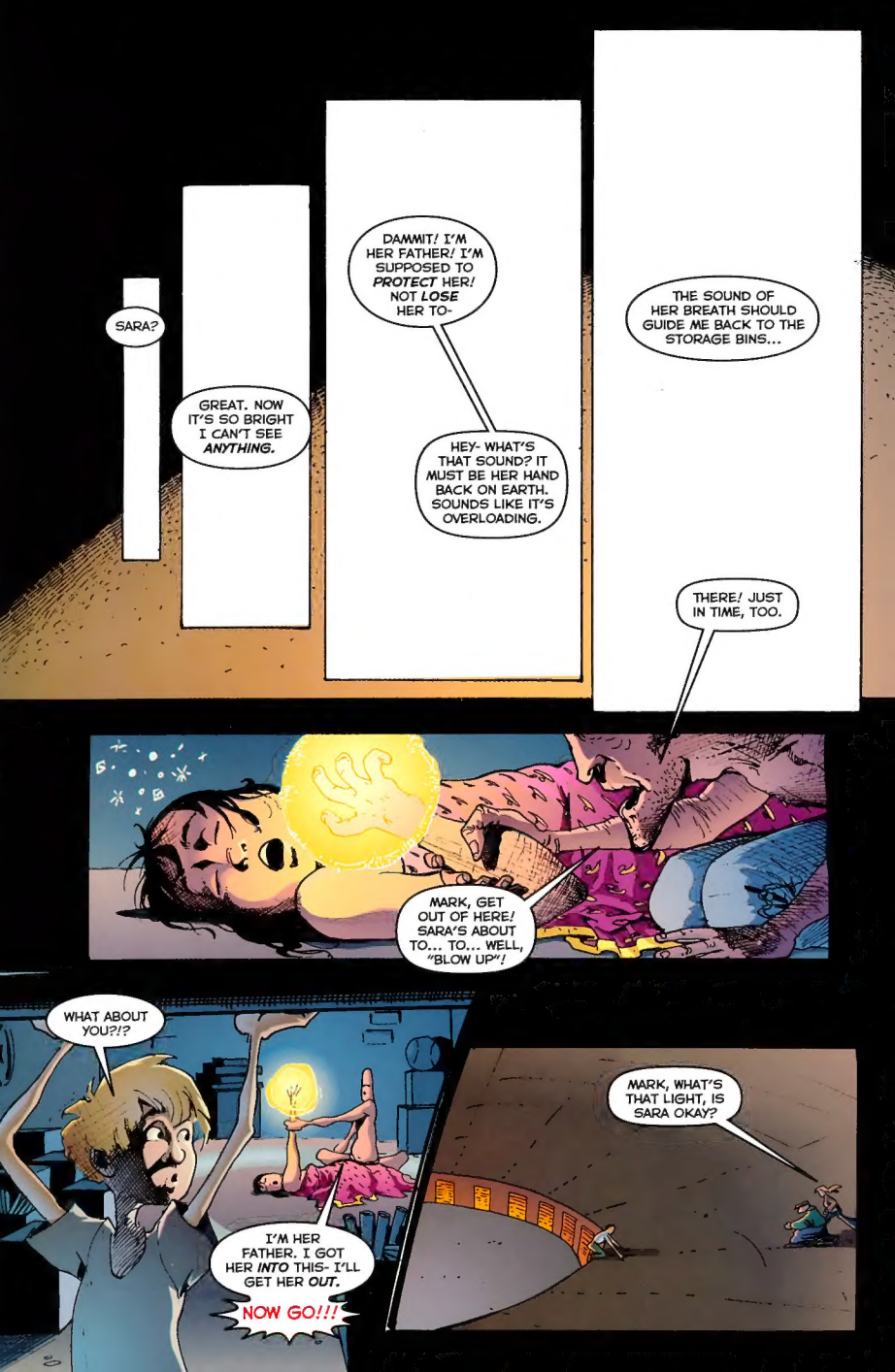
THEN YOU WON'T MIND IF THE MAXX *"FEELS"* LIKE CUTTING YOU UP...
TO SAVE OUR *JULIE!*
OF COURSE NOT, BUT KILLING *ME* WON'T STOP SARA'S *UGLY-SELF-IMAGE.* I'M ONLY A *SYMBOL* OF-
YEAH, BUT IT WILL MAKE MAXX FEEL *SOOOOO* MUCH BETTER!
OH, VERY WELL THEN-
MAXX-- IS IT *HER,* THIS "JULIE" PERSON?
HEY MY *TONGUE'S* FREE! COOOOL!

IT'S A DOLL. WHAT DOES IT MEAN MAXX?
I THINK SHE LEFT IT TO TELL US...
"...SHE GOT BACK HOME OKAY."
DAVE, W-WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?
I TOOK A SHOT YOU'D COME BACK TO THE SAME ALLEY HE TOOK YOU IN. ARE YOU OKAY?
SHUMP
I THINK SO. LIKE YOU CARE?
HEY "DAVE"- I DON'T NEED ANY BODY'S HELP. OR PITY!
SHUT UP, HERE- LET ME HELP YOU-
JUST BECAUSE MY SON RAN OUT AND I'M BETWEEN JOBS DOESN'T GIVE YOU THE RIGHT TO... TO...
OKAY I GOT IT. YOU'RE EXEMPT FROM FEELINGS OF VULNERABILITY THAT THE REST OF US HAVE.
WELL... YEAH. SO WHERE TO NOW?
WE BETTER GET BACK TO GONE'S STORAGE BINS AND CHECK ON SARA. GONE'S GUIDING SARA THROUGH HER OWN OUTBACK...

"... LOOKING FOR YOU."
MAXX, PRINCESS, WHERE'S JULIE?!?
POP
POP
POP
SHOOT! THEY'RE ALL GONE! BUT I STILL HAVEN'T CRIED YET!
UH OH, I THINK I HAD AN "ACCIDENT."
DADDY!! IT'S REALLY YOU THIS TIME! UH... WHY'D I POO POWDERED DONUTS?
'CAUSE LIKE FREUD SAID, A SUCCESSFUL "MOVEMENT" IS A CHILDS FIRST "GIFT" TO HIS PARENT! YOU NEED TO GO BACK TO A TIME BEFORE YOU LEARNED REPULSION OVER BODY FUNCTIONS!
FIRST, YOU MUST REVEL IN YOUR BODY'S FAT!
HAVE COMPASSION FOR ALL PARTS SOFT AND FLABBY.
PLOP
COOL. LOOK I'M A FAT LITTLE BABY.
NOW BODY HAIR! LET IT GROW OUT. EMBRACE IT!
GEE, ISN'T IT KINDA GROSS GROWN OUT?
GROSS IS DISCONNECTING FROM YOUR BODY BY SHAVING OFF PART OF IT!
SO WHAT NOW?
BODY ODORS. YOUR PERSONAL SMELL, EVEN PASSING GAS.
MMMMM NOT BAD. THAT PART OF ME TOO.
SSSSNIFFFFFFFF
SSSSNIFFFFF
WAIT DON'T TELL ME- FLUIDS RIGHT?!? THIS IS MY FAVORITE PART.
UH... YEAH...
SWEAT, NASAL MUCUS, URINE, WHY EVEN... TEARS.
SLAP
SLAP
SLAP
SLAP
SLAP
GREAT- I LOVE WATER, EVEN PEE-PEE!
SO WHAT'S LEFT?
WELL, YOUR REMAINS, BUT I THINK WE'VE COVERED THAT WITH "THE DONUTS". THANKFULLY.
WHEW, THANKFULLY! IT KINDA GOES AGAINST ALL MY INSTINCTS TO REVEL IN MY REMAINS.
NO KIDDING.
FAT-ASS
DUMB
MORON
UGLY
JERK
STUPID
GEEK
CLUMSY
WHAT'S HAPPENING? I FEEL LIGHTER.
I'LL SHOW YOU. FOLLOW ME.

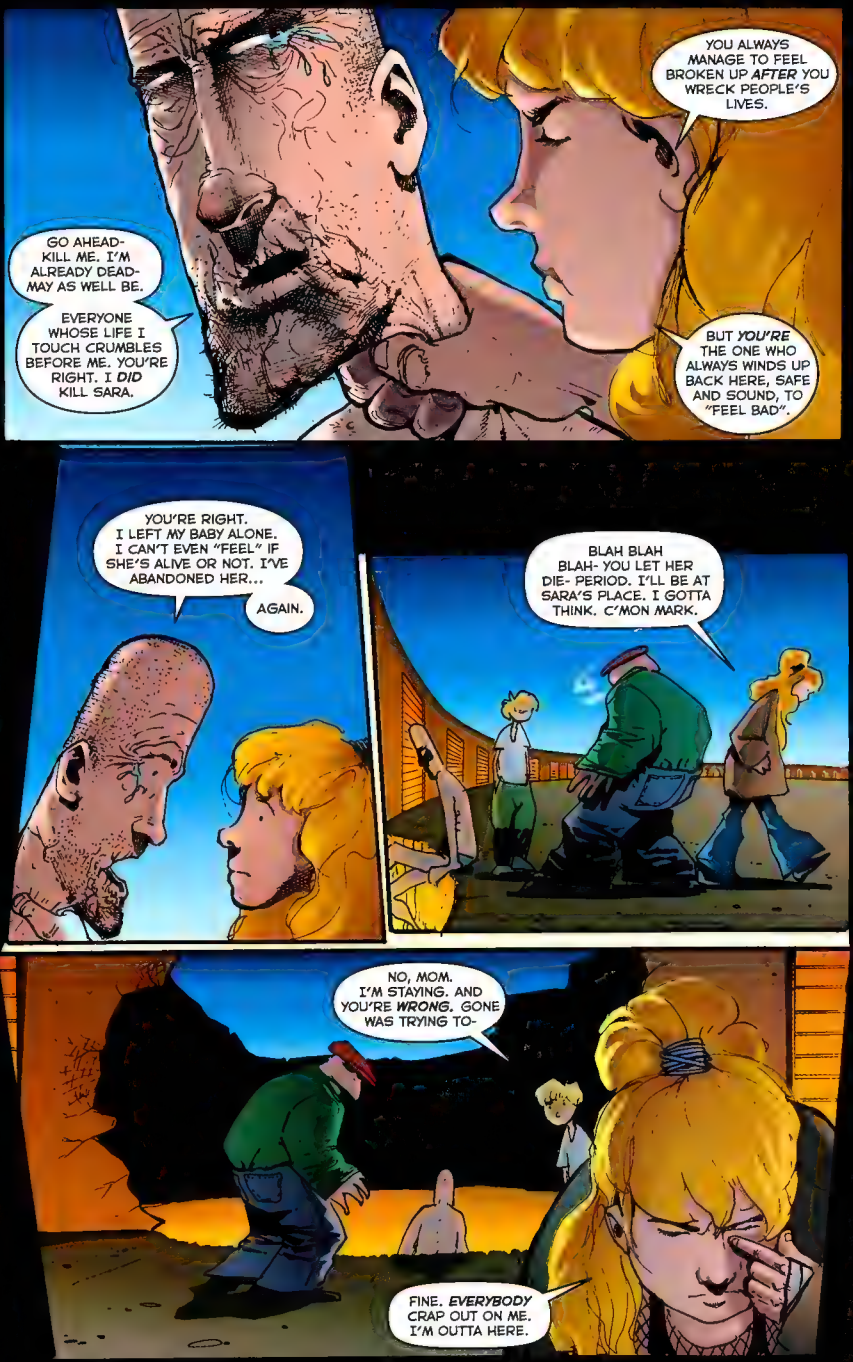

MORON
UGLY
JERK
STUPID
GEEK
FOOLISH
YOU'VE RECONNECTED WITH YOUR TRUE SELF, AND ARE FLOATING TOWARD ANOTHER STATE OF AWARENESS.
BUT I CAN'T GET AIR-BORNE. WHAT'S HOLDING ME DOWN?
YOU'RE STILL TOO HEAVY.
THERE'S SOMETHING INSIDE YOU HAVEN'T LET GO OF.
TEARS OF COMPASSION MUST BE SPILLED FOR SOMEONE.
BUT NO ONE'S LEFT! OH... IT'S YOU! I NEED TO CRY FOR YOU, DADDY.
NO. ENOUGH TEARS HAVE BEEN SHED BECAUSE OF ME, SARA.
IT'S YOU, STUPID. YOU MUST CRY, OR YOUR INSIDES WILL DRY UP!
ME?


YOU'RE RIGHT, DADDY. THAT'S IT! I'VE NEVER KNOWN SUCH PEACE AND WARMTH INSIDE. THIS MUST BE THE SECRET OF HAPPINESS!
SUGAR- WHERE'RE YOU GOING?
THIS WAY. IT'S WARMER OVER HERE. FOLLOW ME AND WE'LL PLAY!
BUT IT DOESN'T LAST SARA. WE HAVE TO GO BACK. WE CAN'T STAY HERE FOREVER.
WHY NOT?
'CAUSE YOU'RE NOT DONE YET.
YOU MEAN TRAPPED IN A CRIPPLED INCARNATION, DOOMED TO LIVE LIFE IN A HEARTLESS WORLD...
... INCAPABLE OF UNDERSTANDING HOW TO ESCAPE ITS SUFFERING?
YES, THAT!
I CAN'T, DADDY. GO BACK IF YOU MUST,BUT I'M GOING ON.
SARA, COME RIGHT BACK THIS INSTANT!
...PLEASE?
HAPPINESS IS JUST ANOTHER TRAP. TRUST ME!
WAIT, HONEY! DON'T GO! IS THE SECRET OF HAPPINESS REALLY WORTH LEAVING THIS EARTH FOR?
OOPS- BAD QUESTION...
THINK OF YOUR FRIENDS: DAVE, JULIE, THAT BLOND GUY, STEVE...
THEY'LL BE FINE. YOU'LL LOOK AFTER THEM. EVERYTHING'S CRYSTAL CLEAR NOW. GOODBYE, DADDY.
I LOVE YOU.
LOOK, YOUNG LADY- GET BACK INTO YOUR OWN BODY THIS INSTANT, OR I'M NEVER TAKING YOU TO ANOTHER OUTBACK! DO YOU HEAR ME?
SARA?
OH, GOD...


SARA?
GREAT. NOW IT'S SO BRIGHT I CAN'T SEE ANYTHING.
DAMMIT! I'M HER FATHER! I'M SUPPOSED TO PROTECT HER! NOT LOSE HER TO-
HEY- WHAT'S THAT SOUND? IT MUST BE HER HAND BACK ON EARTH. SOUNDS LIKE IT'S OVERLOADING.
THE SOUND OF HER BREATH SHOULD GUIDE ME BACK TO THE STORAGE BINS...
THERE! JUST IN TIME, TOO.
MARK, GET OUT OF HERE! SARA'S ABOUT TO... TO... WELL, "BLOW UP"!
WHAT ABOUT YOU?!?
I'M HER FATHER. I GOT HER INTO THIS- I'LL GET HER OUT.
NOW GO!!!
MARK, WHAT'S THAT LIGHT, IS SARA OKAY?

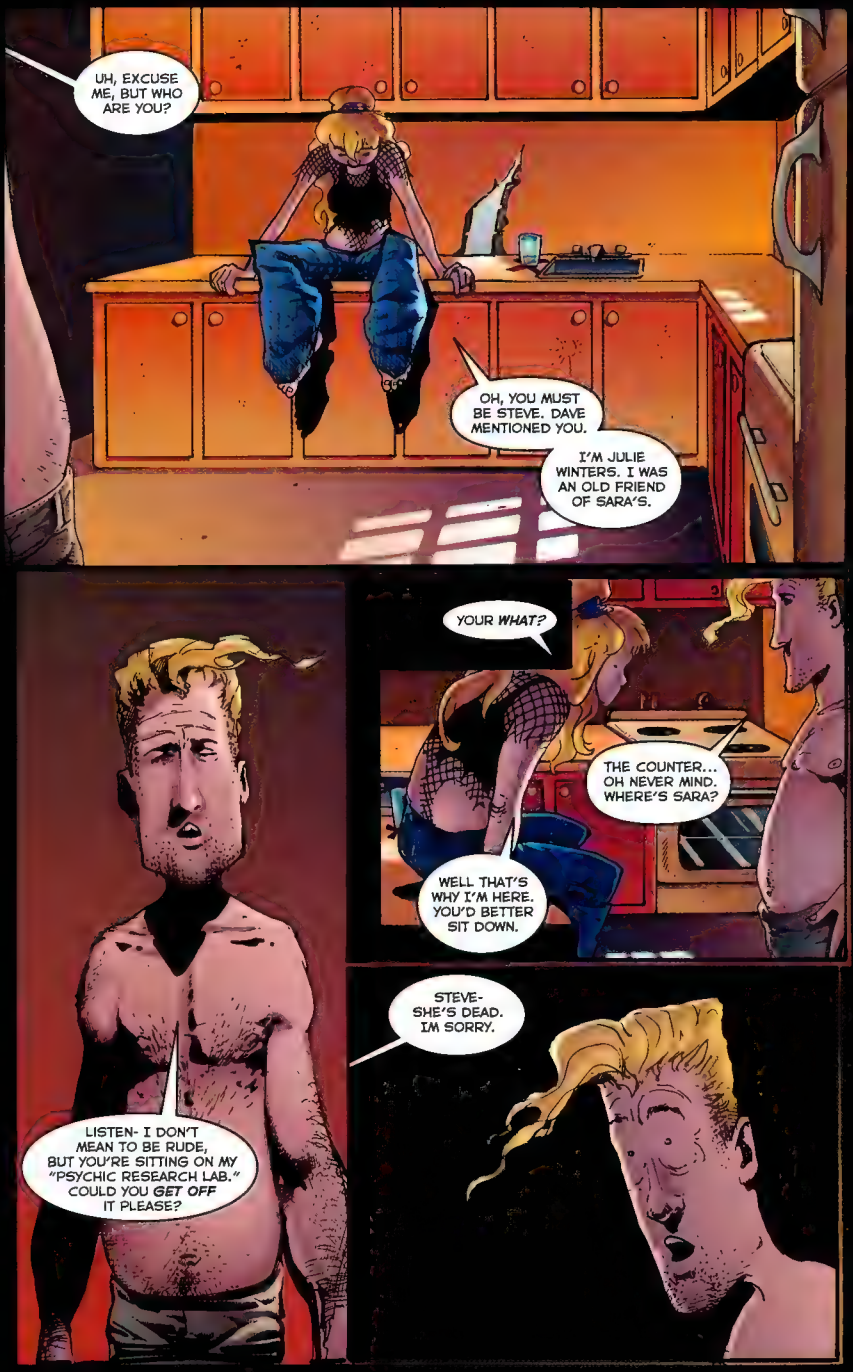
BOOOM!!!
NO, SHE'S NOT.
MARK, TAKE ME TO HER! HURRY!
OKAY, OKAY!
OH GOD... ... SARA?

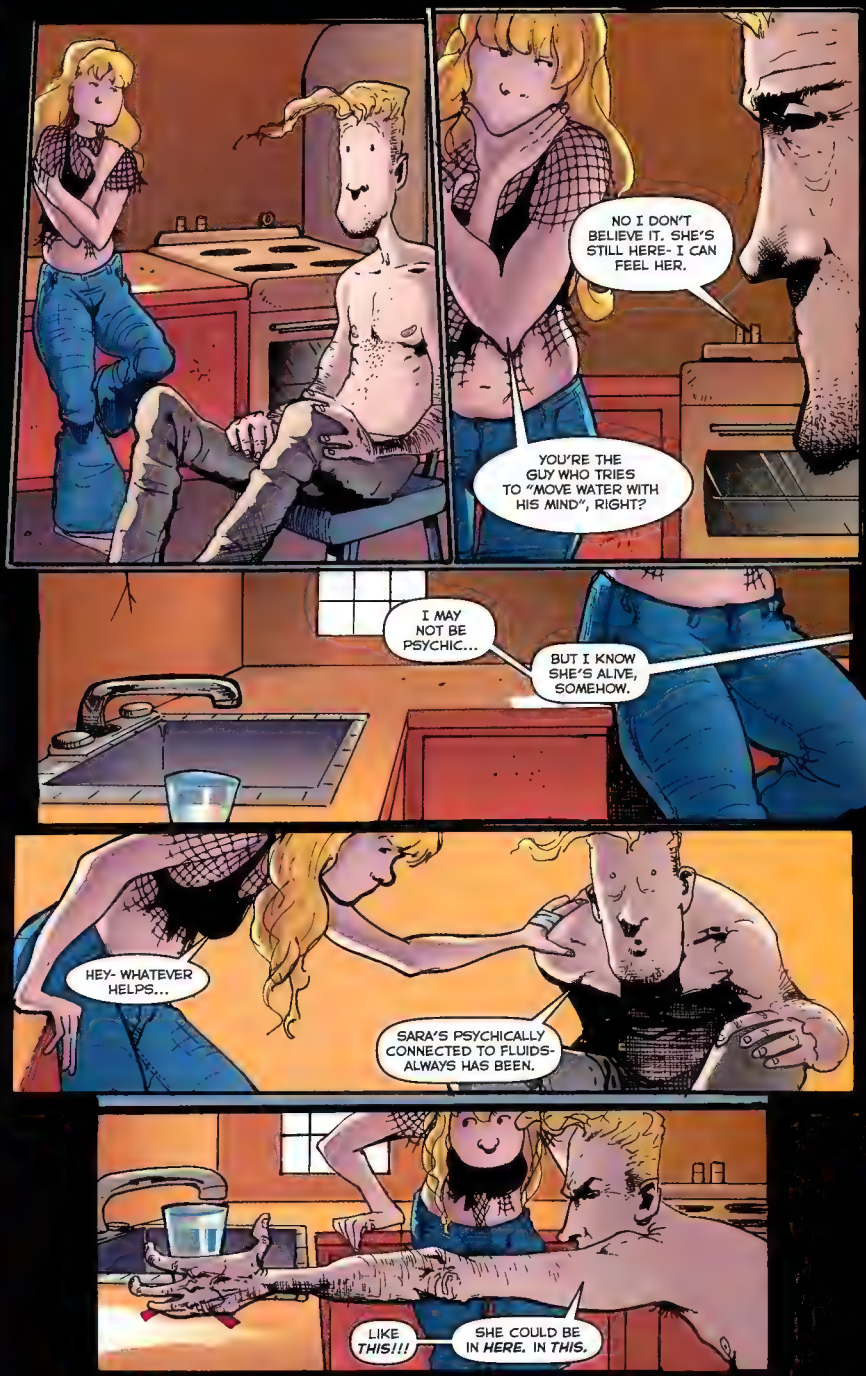
OKAY, GONE- I'M ONLY GOING TO ASK ONCE.
AND I WANT A STRAIGHT ANSWER.
WHERE'S SARA?
I'M NOT SURE. SHE JUST SORT OF... SLIPPED AWAY.
I... LOST HER.
LOST HER!??! YOU DON'T JUST LOSE SOMEBODY!
YOU CREEP! YOU SCREWED AROUND AND KILLED HER!!!

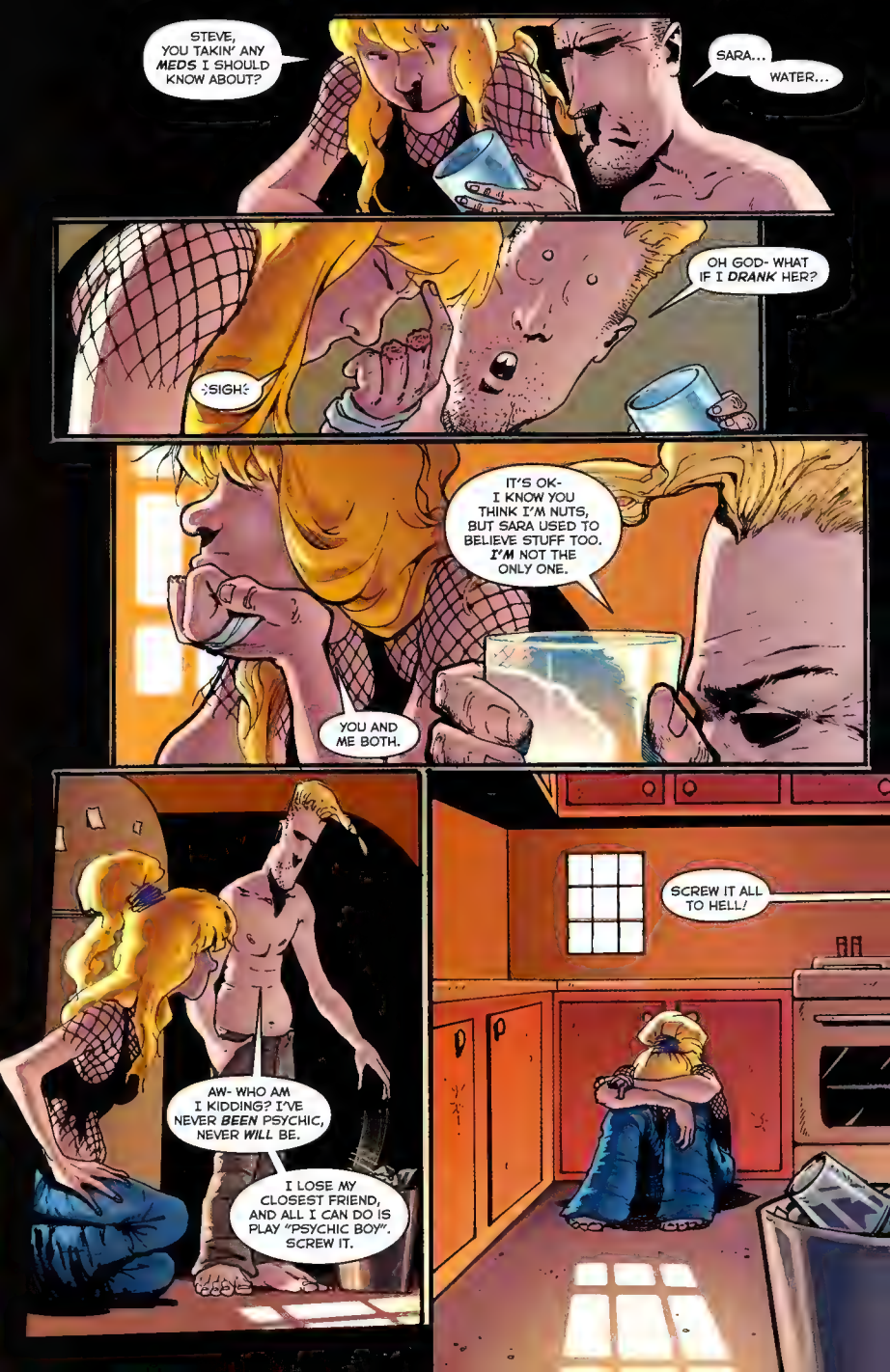

YOU ALWAYS MANAGE TO FEEL BROKEN UP *AFTER* YOU WRECK PEOPLE'S LIVES.
GO AHEAD- KILL ME. I'M ALREADY DEAD- MAY AS WELL BE.
EVERYONE WHOSE LIFE I TOUCH CRUMBLES BEFORE ME. YOU'RE RIGHT. I *DID* KILL SARA.
BUT *YOU'RE* THE ONE WHO ALWAYS WINDS UP BACK HERE, SAFE AND SOUND, TO "FEEL BAD".
YOU'RE RIGHT. I LEFT MY BABY ALONE. I CAN'T EVEN "FEEL" IF SHE'S ALIVE OR NOT. I'VE ABANDONED HER...
AGAIN.
BLAH BLAH BLAH- YOU LET HER DIE- PERIOD. I'LL BE AT SARA'S PLACE. I GOTTA THINK. C'MON MARK.
NO, MOM. I'M STAYING. AND YOU'RE *WRONG.* GONE WAS TRYING TO-
FINE. *EVERYBODY* CRAP OUT ON ME. I'M OUTTA HERE.

I'M NOT MOVING UNTIL...
I CAN FEEL HER... AGAIN.
MAXX... UH, I MEAN DAVE, IS SARA REALLY DEAD?
THAT'S NOT FUNNY.
I DUNNO, MARK. I THINK GONE JUST "MISPLACED" HER.
NO, IT'S NOT. SORRY.
LOOK, YOUR MOM AND GONE- THERE'S SOME OLD WOUNDS THERE.
DAVE, CAN YOU FEEL ANY "MAXX STUFF" THAT MIGHT TELL YOU IF SARA'S OK?
SORRY KID. I CAN'T. IT WAS A LIFETIME AGO.
BUT BELIEVE ME, IF ANYONE CAN FIND SARA, IT'S OLD UNCLE ARTIE.

CHRIST, ARTIE- YOU'VE BEEN UP ALL NIGHT! YOU CAN'T STAY HERE FOREVER.
I TAKE FROM YOUR POSTURE THAT YOU STILL CAN'T FIND HER.
I *KNOW* SHE'S ALIVE.
I CAN... *FEEL* HER PRESENCE... BUT SHE'S WITHOUT *FORM.*
SO WHAT NOW?
NOW WE START ALL OVER. AND THIS TIME WE GET IT *RIGHT!*

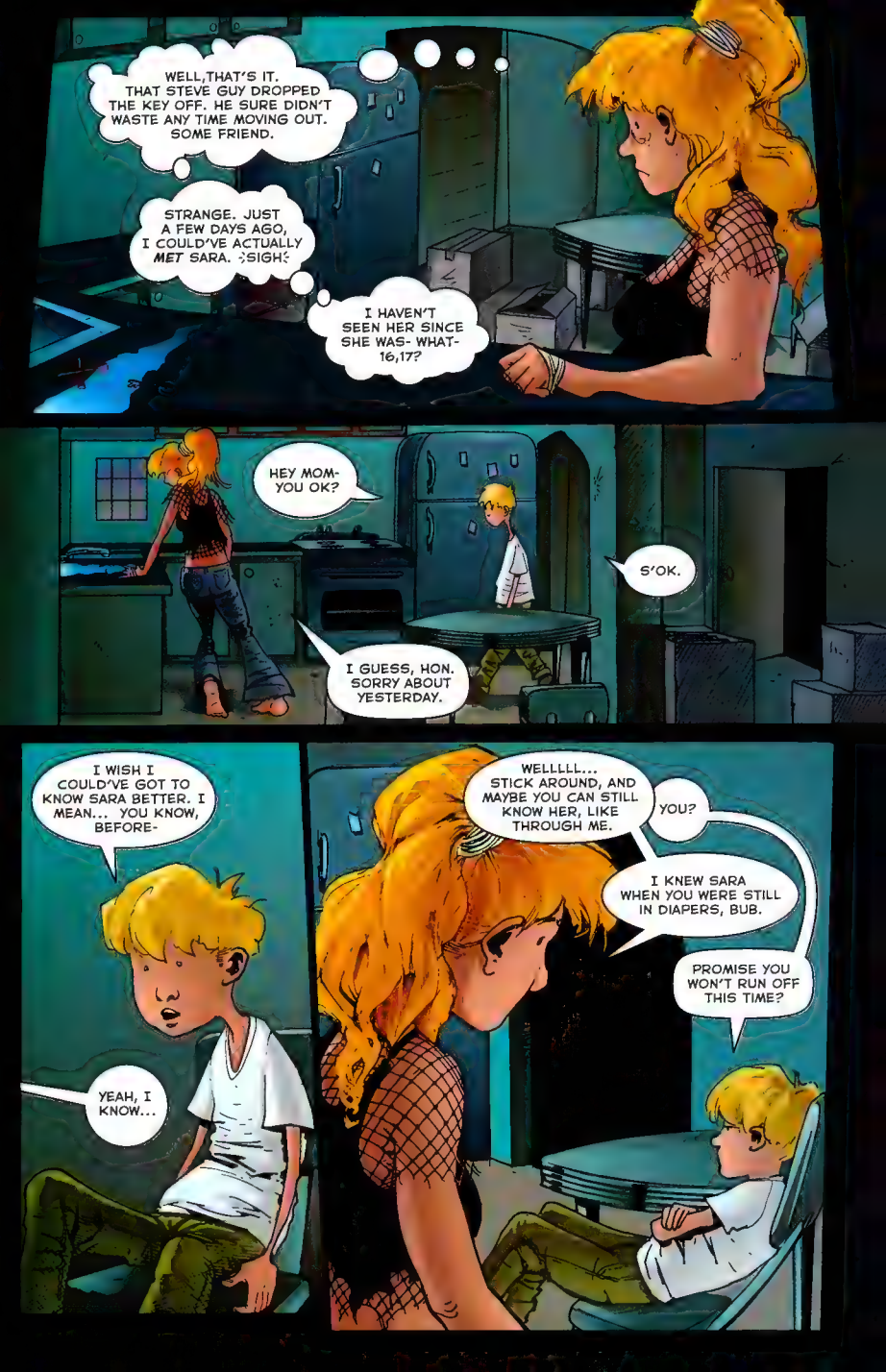

UH, EXCUSE ME, BUT WHO ARE YOU?
OH, YOU MUST BE STEVE. DAVE MENTIONED YOU.
I'M JULIE WINTERS. I WAS AN OLD FRIEND OF SARA'S.
YOUR *WHAT?*
THE COUNTER... OH NEVER MIND. WHERE'S SARA?
WELL THAT'S WHY I'M HERE. YOU'D BETTER SIT DOWN.
LISTEN- I DON'T MEAN TO BE RUDE, BUT YOU'RE SITTING ON MY "PSYCHIC RESEARCH LAB." COULD YOU *GET OFF* IT PLEASE?
STEVE- SHE'S DEAD. IM SORRY.


NO I DON'T BELIEVE IT. SHE'S STILL HERE- I CAN FEEL HER.
YOU'RE THE GUY WHO TRIES TO "MOVE WATER WITH HIS MIND", RIGHT?
I MAY NOT BE PSYCHIC...
BUT I KNOW SHE'S ALIVE, SOMEHOW.
HEY- WHATEVER HELPS...
SARA'S PSYCHICALLY CONNECTED TO FLUIDS- ALWAYS HAS BEEN.
LIKE *THIS!!!*
SHE COULD BE IN *HERE*, IN *THIS*.


STEVE, YOU TAKIN' ANY MEDS I SHOULD KNOW ABOUT?
SARA... WATER...
OH GOD- WHAT IF I DRANK HER?
SIGH
IT'S OK- I KNOW YOU THINK I'M NUTS, BUT SARA USED TO BELIEVE STUFF TOO. I'M NOT THE ONLY ONE.
YOU AND ME BOTH.
AW- WHO AM I KIDDING? I'VE NEVER BEEN PSYCHIC, NEVER WILL BE.
I LOSE MY CLOSEST FRIEND, AND ALL I CAN DO IS PLAY "PSYCHIC BOY". SCREW IT.
SCREW IT ALL TO HELL!

DAVE- IT'S ME, GONE.
YEAH, IT'S OPEN.
KNOCK KNOCK
I BROUGHT AN OLD FRIEND OF YOURS.
OH, YEAH? WHO?
NOT WHO, BUT WHAT.
HERE.
IT'S YOUR OLD COSTU-
I KNOW WHAT IT IS.
WHY DON'T YOU TRY IT ON, FOR OLD TIMES' SAKE, AND GO HANG OUT WITH JULIE?
WHY?!?

DO IT, AND YOU'LL SEE. IT'S OUR ONLY SHOT AT FINDING SARA.
I THINK YOU'RE *CRACKING UP.*
PROBABLY, BUT SO WHAT? THE POINT IS, WE'RE GOING TO FIX ALL OUR MISTAKES.
SARA WON'T LOSE ME...
JULIE CAN STOP HER OWN RAPE...
AND I WILL AVOID *MY* OWN SORDID PAST.
AND ME?
IF JULIE'S NOT RAPED, YOU'LL NEVER BECOME THE MAXX. YOUR LINK WITH JULIE WILL BE GONE. ISN'T THAT WHAT YOU ALWAYS WANTED?
DUNNO. I'M NOT SURE...
WELL, WHILE YOU'RE MULLING IT OVER, MY DAUGHTER'S IN LIMBO. THINK ABOUT IT.
SLAM!


WELL, THAT'S IT. THAT STEVE GUY DROPPED THE KEY OFF. HE SURE DIDN'T WASTE ANY TIME MOVING OUT. SOME FRIEND.
STRANGE. JUST A FEW DAYS AGO, I COULD'VE ACTUALLY *MET* SARA. :SIGH:
I HAVEN'T SEEN HER SINCE SHE WAS- WHAT- 16,17?
HEY MOM- YOU OK?
S'OK.
I GUESS, HON. SORRY ABOUT YESTERDAY.
I WISH I COULD'VE GOT TO KNOW SARA BETTER. I MEAN... YOU KNOW, BEFORE-
YEAH, I KNOW...
WELLLLL... STICK AROUND, AND MAYBE YOU CAN STILL KNOW HER, LIKE THROUGH ME.
YOU?
I KNEW SARA WHEN YOU WERE STILL IN DIAPERS, BUB.
PROMISE YOU WON'T RUN OFF THIS TIME?

DON'T GUILT-TRIP ME. YOU KNOW I LEFT TO PROTECT YOU.
SO YOU PROMISE, THEN?
NO PROMISES. I'LL DO WHAT I HAVE TO TO PROTECT-
OH, LAY OFF THAT PROTECTING CRAP, MOM. WHY DON'T YOU JUST COME OUT AND ADMIT YOU NEVER WANTED A SON?
YOU DITCHED ME, HUH?!?
:SIGH:
YOU GIVE GONE ALL THAT CRAP, BUT YOU'RE JUST LIKE HIM. YOU CARE ABOUT YOURSELF MORE THAN ME OR SARA.
THAT'S ALL ADULTS EVER CARE ABOUT- THEMSELVES.
SLAM
WITH FRIENDS LIKE YOU, NO WONDER SARA DISAPPEARED.

:SIGH:
UH... HELLO?

JULIE? ...THAT YOU?
IT'S DARK... HARD TO SEE... JULIE?... WHERE AM I?
SARA?

HEY—we need black and white art for Maxx Traxx!!!

Everybody's sending in color stuff, but we need more b/w. Don't be shy. Send 'em along.

Dear Sam,

#28 took a long time to come out, but it was worth the wait. Why? Cos I am in love with The Maxx comixx and I am madly in love with Lewis Carroll. I loved #28 better than any other cos of this fact. But a couple questions:

(1) What are in the other caves in the circular set of caves?
(2) Why did you make Dum and Dee females? (I loved the Dum and Dee females, though—hilarious.)
(3) What does "Pumpkin-cat" signify?
(4) Why is the mushroom frozen?

Anyway, I loved this issue; I love *Alice in Wonderland* and *Through the Looking Glass*. I especially loved the chaos in this issue. Keep up the good work and keep up the allusions.

Your punker fan,
Shahab Zargari

(1) Other people's Outbacks (everyone on the slug's list, most of whom are dead now)
(2) I wanted to set up the yo-yo diet/binge and barf part of Sara's psyche with Dee and Dum, who denied each other's existence.
(3) Sara's old toy pumpkin is pinch-hitting for the Cheshire Cat. It's the only creature in Sara's Outback that speaks the truth—the Self.
(4) I think it's an oral/anal thing. Sara's whole Outback has to do with things that go in or out of her body and return to a "frozen" or cold daddy (the mushroom). The more fluid that's in the Outback, the more "digestion" and clarity is possible.

Damn, man,

Your comic is da BOMB. I went into a comic store for the first time, and I was the only black dude in there. What, am I the only black guy interested? Anyway, your comic book caught my eye, and since I read it, I've made three more trips to that store to look for the next issue.

I hope you print my letter to prove that black people read comics, too.

Peace out,
Damean Crosby
Shaolin, NY

Cool letter—Thanks for writing. You're right—black people are definitely underrepresented in the comics world.

Dear Fellow Maxxheads,

I've noticed something about the majority of you. You write to Sam Kieth telling him you're a nerd who only likes Star Wars and The Maxx. WHAT THE HELL? Have you people got even A CONCEPT of what SELF-ESTEEM is? I know, I know, even I have some things I can improve on. Nobody's perfect. But Sam has better things to do than listen to people bitch and moan all day. If you have no friends, no girlfriend, nothing cool about you, then GET OFF YOUR LAZY, G-D ASS AND DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT!!!! I'm not a nerd or a geek but I still think Star Wars is pretty cool. I'm not a nerd or a geek but I still like The Maxx. I've got friends. I've got a girlfriend. I do some weird things from time to time (or all the time). But if there ever was a time when nobody loved me, I wouldn't go complain to Sam. No offense, but some of you should pull your sh*t together and stop feeling sorry for yourselves.

That's all I have to say about that.
Michael Spera
Braintree, MA

What do the rest of you Maxxheads think? Has he got a point?

Greetings Master that is the Creator of The Maxx,

About Mr. Gone, Artemis Gone, Artemis Pender: Talk about an identity crisis...Jeez...

You know how people are always bitch'n about Mr. Gone not being a villain? Well, if you think about it, The Maxx is just a normal guy with claws.

A True Maxx reading,
Pez eating, Maxxhead
Robert "Maxxed Out
All the Way" Pierce
Toronto, Ontario

This guy gets it. People aren't just good or bad.

Here's a letter from a pissed-off guy:

Dear Mr. Kieth,

Let me say I'm pretty pissed off. For Christ's sake! I must've sent you 20 letters and 15 drawings, and I haven't gotten one thing printed to this day. The only stuff you guys print is the crappy letters from all the alternateens telling you how they can relate to Maxx's pain. Suck it. And the only pictures you print are the lamest scribbles I've ever seen. C'mon, you've gotta get some decent pictures. Do I have to draw crap to get printed? **[Why not—I do]** Christ. You say "we" read all the mail. Why do I get the feeling that "we" is the hundred guys you hired to glance at it, not you? **[Believe me, I glanced at it.]** Look, I even wrote neatly and didn't swear **[???]**, so you can't say "too

messy" or "too vulgar." Sorry this is so negative but I've already sent more than my share of positive crap. Hell, I don't even care if you spell my name wrong, just print this letter!!!

Please listen for once,
Tony Ingrisano
Worcester, MA

Hundreds of guys working for me? Yeah, right. EVERY letter and piece of art gets read/looked at by me and one lowly slave who opens and organizes it all and who cares as much as I do. So the two of us make WE. WE DO read it ALL—fan mail is what keeps US going—and WE DO give a sh*t—two sh*ts, in fact—but WE just can't get back to everybody or use everybody's submissions. Sorry if you feel you fell through the cracks.

HEY—watch your mouth when you talk about fellow Maxxhead art!

Now to gently point out some of our mistrakes, including more help from the pissed-off guy:

Kieth,

Ahhh...Don't take this the wrong way, but YOU SUCK! How could you. After many attempts, I finally got my picture in Maxx Traxx for all my friends to see, and you spelled my name WRONG. AAAAA. It's ANTHONY, not Anthothy. That's the most common name in the American language! Thanks a lot, Samem Kietheth.

Sincerely,
ANTHONY INGRISANO

Uhhh...sorry, Anthony. Boy, are we chowderheads! When you finally did get printed, we blew your name. What can we say—if we had your address, we'd send you a t-shirt and a glow.

Dear Sam,

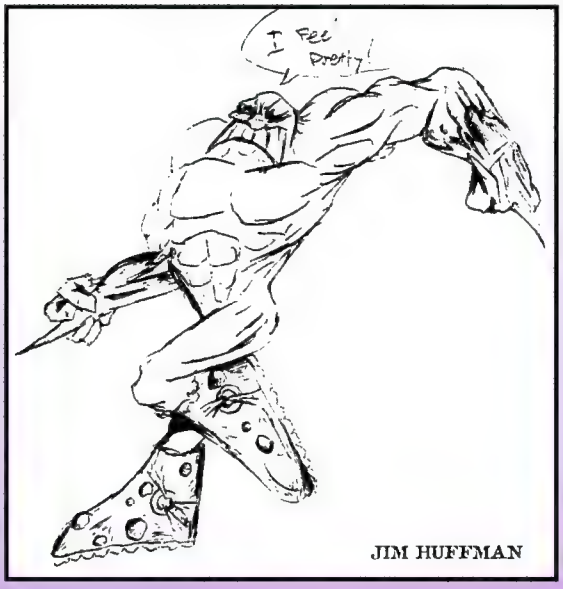
Before you read this letter I want you to know that you printed the last letter of mine (issue 26) and spelled my last name wrong. Because of this I suffered great humiliation and mental anguish. Print this letter and we'll call it even. We can both forget the whole thing and no charges will be filed against you.

For quite some time, I've been thinking about the next run of The Maxx. I have thought of a few suggestions that just might work. First of all, the next Maxx should be Mark's spirit animal. He's the youngest of the present cast and is the only one with a real future to write about. However, there is no reason for you to do away with the strong and ever-present female cast.

Mike Petite
Verona, NJ

Sorry about the name. We do have your address, but we're not sending you a t-shirt, because you haven't suffered as much as Anthony.

About the future, read on.



Hey Sam,

Instead of responding to the past few issues (which have been great!!), I wanted to ask something no one's thought of yet (as a sad attempt to get this printed, hehe). Right now, the storyline is taking place "10 years in the future." It seems the current storyline about Sara is drawing to a close, so I was just wondering what you were going to do, stuck in the future. The problem for me is that many of the "predictions" you made so far take away from the story, even though looking at Sara as an adult was very important. But you can't keep going into the future (at least, I hope not). So, are you going to stick with "10 years ahead," do a flashback, or go even farther into the future?

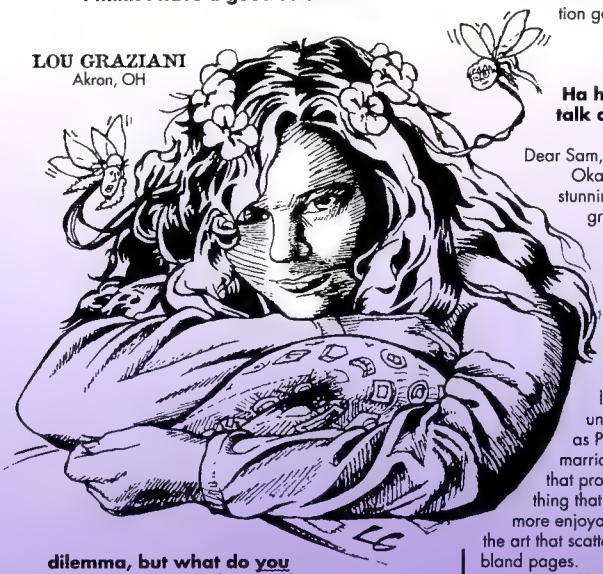
Brian "sfc" King
Florence, KY

Here's the problem with doing Mark Winter's spirit animal next: I miss Maxx and Julie (and Sara). Instead of wandering off into "Mark-land," I'd like to give Gone a motivation (Sara as water) to go back and fix the past. So Gone hopes that, by going back into the past, he can (1) save Maxx from being hit, (2) save Sara from being abandoned, (3) save Julie from being raped, and (4) prevent his own abuse. The problem is, though, that if Gone helps Julie go back and Julie can prevent her own rape, it's an emotional "cheat" on

what really did happen. But if Gone goes back and Julie is raped anyway (implying you can't change your "fate"), that's an old story that we've already seen too much of.

I think I have a good solution to this

LOU GRAZIANI
Akron, OH



dilemma, but what do you folks think? Should we violate the "Prime Directive?"

Dear Sam & Co.,

Hello you freak! You made it too easy to figure out your comic book. Artie (AKA Mr. Gone) got divorced from Sara's mom, and he didn't want to leave Sara, so he projected his image telepathically, and he screwed up. The image went to Sara, Julie, and Maxx, as Mr. Gone. At issue #15, Julie came back from one helluva vacation; because she thought he was dead, she went and got pregnant. Maxx and Sara did not have sex as it looked, and Sara remains a virgin, but only Maxx believes it.

In issue #21, the reason Julie is not there is because she got through her Outback, and Sara's working on hers. The isz are in Julie's Outback. The fairies are isz in Sara's Outback. Iago the Slug is Mr. Gone except in different Outbacks.

Well, I think I covered everything. One thing before I go: be sure to print my address so people can comment on my letter. Bye Monkey-Boy!

Evan Butler
135 Caprona St.
Sebastian, FL 32958

P.S. Girls 10-12: I'm available!

Dear Mr. Keith,

[He misspelled my name!! Who do I get to complain to!!??!!]

I recently got into a minor scuffle/debate with a local comic shop owner who asserted that the various Paul Chadwick Concrete series had the longest pauses between regular printings. I of course loudly and vehemently proclaimed YOU to be the indisputable, reigning champion of lengthy respites between publishings (with honorable mention going to Jeff Smith's Bone).

Take care,
Bryan Jordan
Oakland, CA

Ha ha. Very funny. I don't want to talk about Jeff Smith's bone.

Dear Sam,

Okay, I really enjoyed #28. The cover is stunning, as usual (hey, it has a photograph in it!). Everything about what was inside was perfect—even Sara's glowing, telekenetic hand (which I still don't understand—but I'm bad at such things) is seen again as Sara's thumb glows while in her mouth.

But it's the fans who make the big difference. I usually read people's letters, and I can say that I will never understand a work of literature as well as Patrick D. Mullen has. And that guy's marriage proposal. And the success of that proposal from South Africa. But the best thing that the fans have contributed, even more enjoyable, I think, than Head-to-Head, is the art that scatters those otherwise aesthetically bland pages.

Wendy Scher
Cherry Hill, NJ

We agree.

P.S. I forgot to mention, what about Sara's hair? It was obviously naturally curly, and I assume she straightened it by the age of 25, but what about when she was a little girl?

Mom straightened it.

Sam,

At the beginning of Sept. '95 we started drawing isz. It eventually led to an extreme obsession. We drew them everywhere: school, work, parking lots, public bathroom, etc. While sitting around bored one day, we decided to make stuffed isz. So we did. Um...was there a point to this letter?? I think there was... well, anyway, now the whole wide world of Maxxheads and isz lovers everywhere will know of this giant step forward in iszkind. Feel free to make your own, it's really simple. And FUN!!!! Before we start sounding like some crazed marketing commercial, bye!

Two Isz lovers,
Kira Magrann and
Maria Wall
Newtown, PA

Excellent.

Dear Sam Kieth,

In Maxx Traxx of issue #26 there was an artist named Chris Robinson from Britte, MT who submit-

ted a drawing of Sara. I like his style in drawing and would like to get in contact with him to have him illustrate a story of mine. If you can help in any way, please do.

Sincerely,
Jimbo
POBox 12451
Santa Barbara, CA 93107
umoran00@mcl.ucsb.edu

Can't give out his address, but there's yours in case he wants to contact you.

Dear Sam,

In a not-so-brief analysis of how Maxx has affected me and my life, the basic things I do and say, I must give you my utmost gratitude and thanks.

By reading your work, my views on people have changed in many ways. Even though my daughter is only a year old, even she sees and feels the effects of Maxx.

A humorous outlook is always necessary, but the emotional breakdowns and confusion and fear are very intense for one in every issue. In a lot of ways, your mind frightens me. What is it like for you? You fascinate me to the utmost extreme.

Do you understand the mental impact The Maxx has had on human nature? You have opened so many minds and eyes to the physical, emotional and mental implications of rape, suicide, molestation, etc. Have you ever thought about how many people you have helped? You're a psychologist in your own special way. My respect for you and your team is genuinely founded on the way you have changed the outlooks of my wormiest friends. **[Hey—you got wormy friends too?]**

I have my special bond with Maxx (like most people do), and I'd like to say Hands Up! You deserve a literary Nobel prize.

Thanks guys—your ability to make Maxx what it is has made you all into special heroes.

Erin Greenwell
Oshawa, Ontario

It's what people bring to The Maxx that makes the whole thing work. I think, in reading your letter, that it's 10% Maxx and 90% growth on your (and other readers') part that makes Maxx a place where change can happen. (But I'll still use your letter at 3 a.m. when I feel incredibly insecure and have to get another issue out.) Thanks.

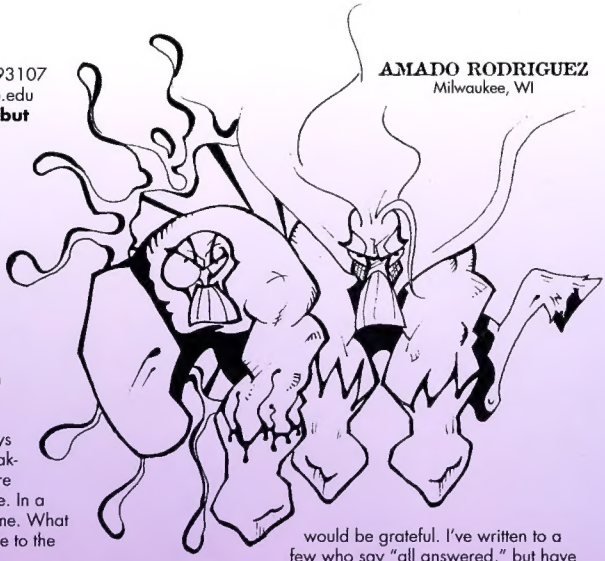
Dear Mr. Kieth,

Thanks so much for providing a resource to fellow Maxx readers. I've met some very nice people through your Head-to-Head classifieds.

However—for those individuals who I write to that don't ever respond, I'd like to say this: you took time to place an ad; I took time to respond. If you would be at least kind enuff to say "I got your letter," whether or not you wish to continue writing, I would be grateful. I've written to a few who say "all answered," but have never received anything back.

Oh yeah—my address in P-Pals #27 should read MN, not MO.

Jeff Olson
Brooklyn Park, MN



AMADO RODRIGUEZ
Milwaukee, WI

Sam Kieth,

Many people think that priests have no life, and spend their lives praying. Not true. As a priest, I am proud to proclaim that I am a huge fan of your comic book, among others. Keep up the good work.

Sincerely,
Fr. Robert B. Whalen
Burlington, VT

Gee...now I feel guilty about all the book's salty language...

Sam and the Olyoptic, Kell-O-Graphic, Sinclair-O-Finish, and Wolf-O-Logo Crews,

This is my first time writing in to a comic book. I know that no one CARES, but I feel obligated to let the world know, seeing as though it's tradition to state this trite rite of passage, and one does get a first time only ONCE, so...

Just finished ish #28. Good stuff, Maynard. I like the flora on the cover, and of course, the star of the show this week, the Cheshire Pumpkin. Iago the caterpillar was a nice touch, too. Iago's my favorite character so far. "You're good enough, you're smart enough, and doggone it, I'm going to dismember you." "He's makin' a list, checkin' it twice, gonna find out who's minced and who's diced." :-)

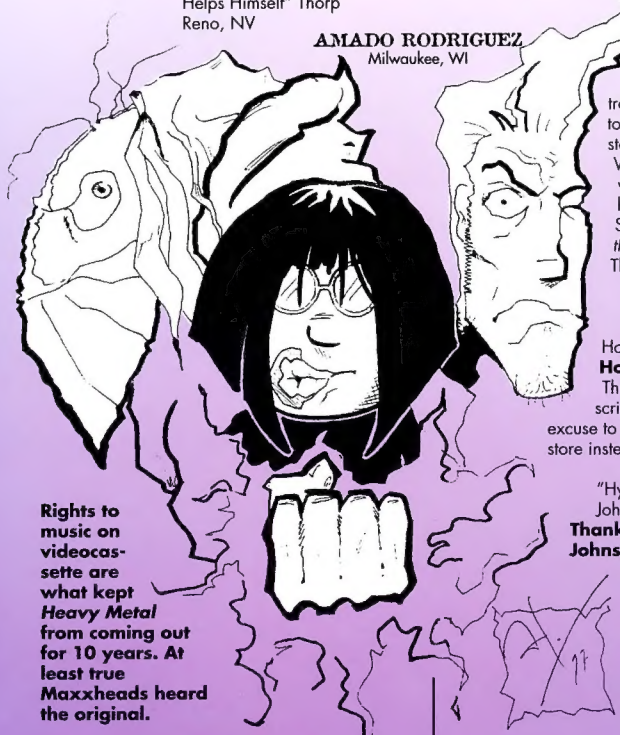
Sorry.

Sara makes a good princess. Bummer that Lil' Sara tried to eat the 'shroom. She wasn't even triple-dog-dared!

I bought the Maxx video a few months back, but was sad to find that that beautiful, classic song "I Wanna Marry a Lighthouse Keeper" a la *A Clockwork Orange* soundtrack was replaced with a pale imitation. I'm sure legal hassles were to blame, as I know your Zappaesque tastes didn't change. Maybe it'll come out in the Special Edition Maxx video. ;-)

Thanks to y'all for making a bitchin', ass-whoopin', all-around fun story.

Steven "My Monster
Helps Himself" Thorp
Reno, NV



Rights to music on videocassette are what kept *Heavy Metal* from coming out for 10 years. At least true Maxxheads heard the original.

And now for another of the many moods of Steven "My Monster Helps Himself" Thorp. Apparently this guy sent both snappy and sappy letters, perhaps in a shameless attempt to get published. Never mind, we like 'em both, and there's room for both snap and sap in every life...

Sam et al.,

I worked with severely emotionally disturbed children for several years, and I was introduced to The Maxx by one of the boys I worked with, back in '93 (issue #1). Recently, in a graduate psychology class (I'm a Ph.D. student) we were asked to bring in a highly valued item. I brought that first issue, and I explained to the class the significance of the comic. I told them how much I had loved that boy, and how hard it was for me to watch his tortured, mixed-up life and realize he might never have a happy normal existence. I was crying as I thought of this boy and so that I could hardly speak. Part of me felt foolish bringing in a comic book as my treasured possession, but the catharsis I felt and the support I received from my classmates made me confident that I had made the right decision in sharing my sadness for things that cannot be. I have enjoyed watching the Maxx characters develop, and I'm happy to see the transition from Good vs. Evil to a much more complicated state of affairs. Like life. When I want black and white, clearly marked boundaries, I'll read Superman. When I want to *think*, I'll stick to ol' snooks. Thanks for a thoughtful ride.

Steven Thorp
Reno, NV

Ho, Sam! **[Who you callin' Ho?]**

Thanks for <u>not</u> making subscription deals so I have an excuse to keep going to the comic store instead of just subscribing!

Julie
"Hysteria" Miyamoto
Johnson City, TN

Thanks, Julie. Lots of Johnsons in Johnson City, are there?

You're right. Comic stores are great places. Hope we don't lose 'em all as a result of this crappy market. Hang in there—we are.

Dear Sam,

The Maxx is the best thing that happened in my life. It's so cool!! It made me realize the passion I had for this art. And your drawing style is really great! I don't want to insult you or anything, but it seems you don't search to get your drawing to perfect perfection. It's like you draw it and it looks good, so it's alright! And I like that! When I draw, every line has to be perfect. Perfect proportion—the effect has to be exactly the same as if it was a picture! But I'm starting to control that, cause otherwise I get all tensed and frustrated, and I throw it in the trash.

I spent the first helf of my life as an artist

trying to make my work as perfect and realistic as possible. But the people I respected the most—"fine artists" and even cartoonists—have gone beyond that and are becoming more impressionistic, expressing feelings. I've actually abandoned drawings of Sara, Julie and Maxx that were better drafted, in favor of drawings that were less perfect but more honest. My favorite Bisley and Sienkiewicz drawings are their simple, child-like ones, as are Picasso's. (Not to sound snooty, but this runs directly into fandom's hunger for 300 lines per square inch!)

Fooey—this person forget to sign his or her letter! Write us and we'll credit you next issue. We might even spell your name right!

Dear Sam,

I am a 15-year-old girl who has been reading "The Maxx" for four years, since I was an 11-year-old girl. I love The Maxx so much. It has become a great inspiration to my life and my artwork. I guess I'm an OK artist. It's really the only thing I've ever been good at, even since I was teeny.

I'm a small girl—5'1", blonde hair and brown eyes. I call myself "Julie" sometimes. Like her, I wear bellbottoms and have a "f*** you" attitude to things. Like her, I have dyed my hair red. Also like her, I was raped, but I was 10 when that happened. Because I never told my parents, who are verbally and mentally oppressive and abusive, and because of all the emotional baggage, I have developed bulemia. At the current time, I weigh 97 lbs. Not even my boyfriend, to whom I entrust everything, knows my weight. He knows of my condition, but thinks I'm at least 100 lbs. Before my bulemia, I weighed 108. This has been going on for 3 months now. Like I said, I'm small.

Ever since the first issue, I have seen so many harsh truths and realities in your work: Julie and Maxx's ignoring each other's co-dependency; Julie hiding and nurturing her own pain by smothering others with comfort; Julie's feminism; Sara's teenage depression and hatred for her mother (I can definitely relate) and, later, Gone's relating his abuse to abusing other women. These things happen.

It's a touchy topic, and you had a lot of courage to do everything you've done. There are many different kinds of abuse, Kieth. People tend to forget that in the long run. But, there are many types of therapy, too. Thank you for being one of mine.

K.M.C.

See—there is a point to all this. Below is K.M.C.'s poem.

This world is a society.
And this society is forcing our
young girls
to unwillingly give their bodies
to its horny men.
To starve and vomit to be beautiful.
To oppress their creativity
and freedom.

I have a world in my head.
There are no "You shoulds" or
"Can'ts."
I am beautiful.

The world sucks.
So be it.
I am safe, and
I am free.
—K.M.C.

PS/HOUSEKEEPING DETAILS WE GET ASKED ALL THE TIME: No subscriptions or retail sales available/sorry. Use "Head-to-Head" to find back issues/fan clubs/whatever (use the address in the indicia)/postcards are cheap and easy like us/WRITE LEGIBLY. No we don't print all the letters or art we get/too many/yes SAM DOES read them ALL/you might get answered or printed or edited/you might not/life's funny that way. B&w art has better chance of being published than color/can't return artwork/sorry. Keep 'em coming/the better the letters and submissions, the better the book! Oh yeah.

DAVID SWAFFORD SR.
Imperial Beach, CA

BECCA CHALNERS
North Richmond, Australia

ANDREA MINOJA
Padova, Italia